Northern Messenger

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JOY AND PEACE.

There is no more beautiful and charming sight in the world than an old couple who have together borne the burden and stress of the day, and coming to the time when they must leave the heavy tasks to the younger generation, turn cheerfully together to the small duties which remain to them. There is no more blessed home than that which shelters the aged Christian, and no more blessed ministry than that which lovingly tends those whose strength has been spent for children and grandchildren. 'Such little things please grandma,' one little girl said, and surely that childlike nature which comes to the old is one of God's good gifts, a gift which brings joy and peace to all around them.

Christian Endeavorers and Missions.

Rev. Owen K. Hobbs, M.A., of Batley, in 'London Missionary Magazine.'

I want to suggest to you that we can never take a true and deep interest in missionary work until we are missionaries ourselves. I do not think that any man can be deeply interested in missionary work who only gives his money. We all need to be missionaries in prayer, in desire, in enthusiasm. We must not be satisfied with evangelization by proxy; we must put personal effort into it. James Chalmers was a missionary first of all, not in New Guinea but in Glasgow. And the first mission-field of John Paton was not the New Hebrides, but the poorest streets of that same city of Glasgow. As Paton and Chalmers labored among the depraved and the destitute on the banks of the Clyde they knew not that the day was coming when their names would be written in the list of the great missionary heroes of the world. In their lives have we not an illustration of the words of the Master: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much'? We are not all called to go abroad as missionaries of the Cross, but we need to be reminded that we are all called to take part in the evangelization of the world.

I want to make one strong appeal to you as Christian Endeavorers. I want to recommend to you something I have tried myself. You would like to take a greater interest in the work of those whom we call foreign missionaries; but the claims of the work at home are so great, and you have only a little time you can devote to Christian service; the result is you sometimes find yourselves growing absorbed in the task that more than fills your hands and your hearts. It is not a good thing for us to be so lost in our own work as to forget or ignore the service of others; least of all is this good in Christian work. So I would urge upon you for your own sake, for the sake of your own work, as well as in the interests of the evangelization of the world, I would urge you to steep your minds and hearts in missionary biography. We live in an age of cheap literature and of many books. See to it that you always have on hand the life-story of some worker who has proved himself a valiant hero of the Cross in a foreign land. There is one book in the New Testament that always seems to us to end very abruptly. It is the Acts of the Apostles. Perhaps no other ending was possible, for in every age new chapters are being written and added to that wondrous story. It is said that an English bishop, after reading an account of the labors of John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, exclaimed: 'There is the twenty-ninth chapter of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles!' See to it that in your own library and in that of your school you have not only a 'poets' corner' but a 'missionaries' corner.' Give a shelf to the new chapters God is adding in our own day to the Acts of the Apostles.

Dr. Pearson wrote ten years ago two volumes, to which he gave the title 'The Miracles of Missions.' It is a bold title, but I believe it to be more than justified. Darwin, the naturalist—a most impartial witness—once wrote: 'The march of improvement consequent upon the introduction of Christianity throughout the South Seas probably stands by itself in the records of history.' Read this wonderful story; become familiar with the men who, like Enoch of old, were on terms of holy intimacy with God. Let Hunt and Calvert of Fiji, Moffat and Livingstone of Africa, Carey of India, Morrison of China, Gilmour of Mongolia, become as household names to you. Be catholic in your missionary reading. Let your heart go out in loving sympathy and earnest supplication for the brave missionaries of every section of the Church of Christ. Catch the holy fervour of a Brainerd, who prayed: 'Oh, that I might be a flaming fire in the service of my God. Here I am, Lord, send me; send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagan, to the wilderness; send me from all that is called earthly comfort; send me even to death itself if it be but in thy service and to promote thy Kingdom.'

As you read the triumphs of the Gospel

you will look upon the map of the world with new eyes. You will no longer find your chief interest in battle scenes where man has engaged in mortal combat with his brother, but you will delight most of all in the war that is being waged in so many lands with superstition and sin. In every page of the atlas of the world you will see the silvery light of the stations of the Cross, and you will watch with grateful heart and loving eye every extension of the empire of Christ. Think of how William Carey studied geography. 'I remember,' says Fuller, 'on going into the room where he employed himself at his business, I saw hanging up against a wall a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which he had drawn with a pen a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he had met with in reading relative to its population, religion, etc.' If you have a much-loved friend settled in a foreign land you look upon the map of the country in which he has made his home with a new interest. As far as you can, make all the missionaries your friends; you cannot know them personally, or even by name, but you can read some brief story of the lands where they are living and the people among whom they are laboring. By your gifts and prayers and loving interest you will become partners in their holy crusade; and as you have fellowship with them in their many trials, so you shall be able to rejoice with them in each new triumph of the grace of God.

As a Little Child.

(Rev. Rockwood M'Questen, in 'New York Observer.')

In the year 1860, or thereabouts, in a certain English village there lived a little orphan girl, tenderly cared for by her grandparents. A by no means healthy child, she was the object of unusual care. When about five years old, a playmate accidentally hurt one of her eyes. The hurt increased in violence, and, in spite of medical and surgical skill, acute inflammation set in, until both eyes were seriously affected. For several months this condition continued, until the child was threatened with total loss of sight. At length, however, the bandages could be removed; but it was then seen that the eyes were hopelessly crossed. So painful did they also continue to be, that the child was compelled, when at play, to cover one eye with her hand, while using the other, changing as either eye became too painful to bear the light.

The child had been taught, as became a Christian household, of the earthly life of our Lord, how he went about doing good, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf. At length, one day she said to her grandmother: 'Why don't you take me to the city, to Jesus, and let him cure my eyes. He would do it, if you were to ask him.'

'Why, my child,' answered the kind-hearted grandmother, not wishing to bring added sorrow to the afflicted life, yet not responding to the child's faith—'you do not need to go to the city; you can ask Jesus right where you are—he can help here as well as in the city.' The child was so feeble in her general health, that her guardians feared to subject her to any further suffering, lest it would occasion her death.

Perfectly satisfied in her childish trust, the little girl returned to her play, and, as she played, began to talk with Jesus about her eyes. As she talked it seemed to her that Jesus came to be very near. Looking back to this time, for the subject of this sketch is still living, herself the mother of beautiful children, she says: 'Jesus has never seemed so near and so real to me since as he did then, as I talked with him, telling him of my pains and troubles and loss of sight.'

This condition continued for several months, when all at once the grandmother was startled with the exclamation: 'Why, my child! what is the matter with your eyes? They look as well as can be.' And sure enough, the eyes were straightened, perfectly natural, restored to their true relation and the inflammation gone. They have so remained to this day. There is still preserved in the home of this lady, a painted portrait of herself, when a child, showing the condition of the eyes, as described above. The general health of the child was fully restored, and has continued so up to the present time of her residence in this country.

As these facts came to our knowledge, together with further details of experience, the only comment to be made, seemed to be given in the words of the Master: 'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.'

How sadly do we sometimes grow away from Heaven as we grow away from childhood. As a further illustration of this thought, we may cite a passage from the early life of J. Hudson Taylor, from whose consecrated leadership sprung the great movement of the China Inland Mission. Calling upon a minister for the loan of a certain book on China, and expressing his purpose of spending his life as a missionary there, he was asked:

'And how do you propose to go there?'

The young man replied that he did not know, but supposed that he would need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy had done, go without purse or script, relying on the Master for all needs. Kindly placing his hand on the shoulder of the lad, the minister replied:

'Ah! my boy, as you grow older you will get wiser than that. Such an idea would do very well in the days when Christ himself was on earth: but not now.'

Fortunately, however, for China's millions, and for a lesson in applied Christianity in these modern times, Mr. Taylor did not grow 'wiser' as he grew older, but he ever grew towards the blessing of the little child in the kingdom. The story of his life and of the marvellous results to which it led, is a most magnificent vindication of the power of obedient, consecrated faith.

This is a monstrously clever world, steam and telegraph and photography, and planets discovered before they are seen. Great Eastern and St. Lawrence bridges are very fair credentials. But there is a kingdom into which none can enter but children, in which children play with infinite forces, where the child's little finger becomes stronger than the giant world, a wide kingdom, where the world exists only by sufferance, to which the world's laws and developments are forever subjected, in which the world lies like a foolish, wilful dream in the solid truth of the day. 'Shall we ever fathom the ultra-philosophic depths of that phrase: "As a little child?" '

Not Ready for Surrender.

('Christian Herald.')

Gipsy Smith, speaking recently at one of the services at St. James's Hall, London, reminded his audience that when the close of the Boer War was drawing nigh, a great many people said, 'There can be no terms with them except unconditional surrender.' That was just it. Repentance meant unconditional surrender to God. To illustrate this point, he told the following story: 'When I was preaching in Glasgow some time ago, I conducted a mission that lasted sixteen weeks, and a committee of ministers, twelve in number, dealt with over three thousand people who passed through the inquiry-room. One evening we noticed a gentleman underneath the gallery, who had been before to all the services. I saw him there when the service was over. He sat and I sat, and when the people had gone I left the pulpit and went and spoke to him, and said, "My friend," I know you are concerned about your soul." "Yes," he said, "I am very much interested." "Well," I said, "it is no good telling you what to do." A Scotchman knows his Bible; he only wants setting fire to." "Yes," he said, "I know." And I was urging him to do what it was on his conscience to do, whatever it might be, to put God in his right place, and he listened. Presently, to my surprise, there was a gentleman behind, who said, "Excuse me, Mr. Smith, I have heard your conversation. May I have a word with this brother?" He read a text to him, and said, "Don't you believe that?" "Yes, of course I do." Then he read another, and said, "Do you believe that?" "Yes, to be sure I do." So with a third text. "Well, then," he said, "you know Jesus died for you, and rose again for your justification, and can save you where you stand. Why, then," he said, "you are saved!" The gentleman looked at him, and said, "No, I am not. Turn to Isaiah lv., 7. Please read it to me." He read, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. Let him turn unto the Lord." "Now," he said, "stop. I have to do that, and I am not willing to do it. I know God can save me, but I have to do the turning and forsaking and renouncing, and I have got something in my heart that I am not willing to give up, and my common sense tells me that God won't save me until I do." That is the whole thing in a nutshell. The Lord help us to be willing to give up. If you will meet the conditions, yield yourself to Jesus unreservedly, you will indeed find that Jesus Christ is mighty to save.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Teacher for South Africa.

(Sophie L. Harivel, in the 'Onward.')

'Forty Canadian lady-teachers are required for South Africa to teach the Boer children in the concentration camps. A free passage out will be given, and the salary is fixed at £100, together with lodgings and rations. At the end of a year, a return passage may be had if desired. Already ten applications have been made to the Secretary of State.'

Standing at her desk in school, Muriel Stuart read this paragraph out of the paper. Once, twice, she read it, her face flushing. 'Oh,' she said to herself, 'how much I would like to go. Suppose I apply. I want a change from this dull little town, and then——' She broke off abruptly as another thought came into her head, making her eyes shine. Then the bell rang, and the children came trooping in noisily.

But all the afternoon the idea remained in her mind. In the reading classes she found herself wondering what books they would use in South Africa; so, too, with the rest of the work. Everything seemed connected with that distant country. At last the closing hour came, and with a sigh of relief she found herself alone with time to think it all over.

Again she read the short notice, and the more she read it, the more tempting did the offer seem. She had always a great desire to travel, and here was an opportunity to see part of the world. Most of Muriel Stuart's life had been spent in Merton, where she had been teaching for four years. Often she longed for a new sphere of labor, but for her mother's sake remained. Yet even the dulness of a small country town could not crush her ambition, and she was ever working and studying. From her childhood she had dreamed and planned of some time becoming a writer. It was her great ambition, and all her spare time was given up to the work.

This gave her additional reason for wishing to go to South Africa, as the experience would be very valuable to her.

'Why,' she said aloud, 'I could correspond for some of the papers here, and also write articles for the magazines.' Then her imagination took a lofty flight, and she went on, 'Perhaps I might write a book after I would come back. How would it sound? "A Canadian teacher among the Boers."' So she dreamed on, in fancy seeing herself sending a copy of the volume to the editors who had declined her manuscripts so politely. For half an hour she sat there, thinking and planning. Then, on the impulse of the moment, she started her letter of application.

After stating her qualifications and experience, she mentioned her special reason for desiring to go.

'Would it not,' she asked, 'be well to have a writer in the party who could correspond for the papers, and thus keep our work before the public? By accepting my application you will encourage home talent and give me a chance. Kindly reply at your earliest convenience—and say that I may go.' Over these last sentences Muriel laughed, thinking they were rather cool.

'But,' she said, 'the case is an urgent one, so I wanted to put it strongly. I wonder what kind of man the Secretary of State is; nice, I hope. Well, anyway, I'll send it, and not say anything to anyone.'

As usual, she had acted on the impulse of the moment, but that evening, in her home, things took a different aspect. The family consisted of the mother, two sons, Harry and Tom, and two daughters, Muriel and Nellie. Mrs. Stuart was a small, delicate woman, always carefully tended by her children. They were all gathered together in the sitting-room after tea, and as the girls sewed, the mother read aloud from the paper.

'Why,' she said, 'listen to this: "Forty Canadian teachers needed for South Africay,"' and she went over the paragraph, which was already so familiar to one of the hearers. 'There, now, Muriel,' declared Tom, 'that's your chance to write a Boer novel and take the world by surprise.'

'Yes,' chimed in Harry, 'you could make name and fame at one stroke.'

'Why, boys,' began their mother, 'would you like your sister to go so far away?'

She still called her sons 'boys,' though they were grown young men, older than the girls.

'It would be only for a year, mother,' Muriel said, 'and, then, think of the salary, nearly five hundred dollars.'

'Yes,' returned Mrs. Stuart, 'and think, too, of that enteric fever of which so many people die. And then those treacherous Boers, too. It's too dreadful to think about. I wonder at them even asking anyone to go.'

Muriel was going to say something, but just then a friend came in, and the subject was changed.

'Well,' she said to herself, 'I did not know mother would look at it like that. I won't say anything yet; she would only worry.'

A little later, in her own room, as she prepared a manuscript for its seventh trip, she said, 'If this was a good article on "Life Among the Boers," it would not come back so often.' And once more she fell to thinking.

As she entered the teacher's room in school next morning, she found them all talking over the matter. 'All on board for South Africa,' said Miss Grey. 'I would go myself, only for those dreadful conditions.'

'Conditions?' asked Muriel, quickly. 'What are they?' Yesterday's paper had not given any.

'Here they are,' replied her friend, holding up a different paper from the one Muriel had, 'must be a Normal School graduate, and have first-class license, and also pass a severe medical examination. There! Easy, aren't they?'

'They are not very hard,' Muriel replied.

'No, not for you, perhaps, but for the rest of us, alas! South Africa must remain a far-off country.'

'Then we'll just do our best in this one,' cried the principal, as he went to ring the bell.

It was true that Muriel Stuart would not find the conditions hard. Her four years' college course had been the gift of an uncle of her mother's, and she had also obtained her Normal diploma. Then, too, she was strong and healthy, and need fear nothing on that point. But what would the answer be? Many times she wondered during the next four days.

Then, on the fifth, she received a large, important-looking paper. With trembling fingers she opened it, and for a minute the type-written lines seemed to dance before her eyes.

'Dear madam,' it ran, 'I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the eighth instant, on the subject of an educational appointment in South Africa. I would advise you to send your testimonials to the Superintendent of Education for your Province. From their excellent nature, I have no doubt that, other things being satisfactory, you will be accepted.

Muriel read it over as she walked home after school. 'Apply to the superintendent, and likely to be accepted,' she repeated. So far things seemed favorable, and South Africa with its chances seemed coming nearer. Then suddenly came another thought—what would her mother say? The other night she had said it was too dreadful even to think of, and now she must be told more. Slowly Muriel walked along, and as she came in sight of the pretty white house, said, 'Well, this time I will not apply without telling her.'

But it was not until her brothers had gone out for the evening that she placed the letter in her mother's hand, bidding her read it. As Mrs. Stuart did so her face grew white. 'Oh, Muriel,' she murmured, 'what is this?'

'Mother,' she began quickly, 'oh, mother, do say that I may go. It means so much to me, and will help me with my writing. Here I am always failing, you know, and out there I would have a better chance. Oh, mother, let me go, just for one year, only twelve months.'

Her words came in an eager rush, and her mother looked at her in wonder. Her thoughts were very different.

'To go so far,' she sobbed; 'and you might never come back; oh, Muriel!'

'Muriel,' said her sister, 'perhaps mother would like to think it over alone.'

Muriel quietly went out. She had said enough surely.

In her own room, she tried to go on with the story she was writing, but her mother's face seemed to come between her and the work. She found herself going over all her life. How proud her mother had been when Uncle Ned had sent her to college, how pleased she had been with her success. Then, how she had urged her to apply for the vacancy in Merton school.

'Never mind if the salary is small,' she had said, 'we will all be together, and that is the best.' Her ambition for her daughter had seemed to be satisfied then.

'Well,' Muriel said to herself, 'I have stayed here four years; that is a long time. Then, they don't really need me. The boys are both doing well now. And the large salary, too. Why, I could save a lot of it for mother.'

So she tried to convince herself, but her heart told her self-seeking was her real motive. Ever, too, a little voice rang plainly in her ears, saying, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.' And Muriel professed to be a servant of that Master, whose whole life was unselfish. The choice

seemed a hard one. On the one side, a quiet home, with steady failure in the work she loved; on the other, experience, travel, success, perhaps even fame. Which would she choose?

As Muriel was leaving for school next morning, her mother called her back. 'My child,' she said, gently, 'go if you wish.' Then, kissing her, she turned away quickly. Yet there were dark rings under her eyes, and her voice shook. The words rang in Muriel's ears as she walked down the path. 'Go if you wish, go if you wish.' What a nice sound they had. But ever another voice spoke differently. All day long she heard them over and over.

It was on Thursday she received the letter, and during the next two days she fought a battle with herself. All her life she remembered those days. Over and over again she considered everything. Why should she not go? Her mother had given her consent, and yet—there was more than that, too.

During that time it did not help her any to receive back three rejected manuscripts. To obtain the money for stamps and paper, Muriel had to practise severe economy. That winter she had given up a new coat for the purpose. Now, this should of course have been rewarded by an immediate acceptance from grateful editors; but virtue is not always its own reward, and failure still continued to be her portion. All this seemed to make the decision still harder.

At home, by the mother's wish, they did not influence her either way, leaving her free to make her choice. Yet they knew that, as a college graduate, Muriel would likely be accepted.

The days passed, and Sunday came, a bright fair morning, with hints of the coming spring. Mrs. Stuart said she would not go to church as she did not feel very well.

'Is it mother's usual headache, Nellie?' asked Muriel, as they walked in front of their brothers.

'Mother often has them,' her sister replied, evasively. Yet both girls knew it was not the usual form of pain.

In the service that morning Muriel took little part, and heard not one word of the sermon, eloquent and earnest though it was. In her place in the choir she heard only a voice in her heart saying, over and over again, 'Even Christ pleased not himself.' She knew that she must decide, and fiercely the struggle waged. Always she could see her mother's white, tearful face, the mother who was so often ill. Could any success be greater than conquering self and making others happy? Muriel knew what her duty was, and yet, oh, it was hard.

So, all through the time spent in church, she fought the battle, and at last—won. As the minister's voice rang out clearly in the benediction, Muriel Stuart bowed her head, a new light in her eyes—the light of the victor.

Half an hour later, as the Stuart family gathered round their pretty dinner-table, Muriel crossed to her mother's side. 'Motherie,' she said, pleasantly, 'I am not going to apply for South Africa, but will stay with you.'

'Hurrah,' shouted Harry, 'good for you, sister mine.'

'Good-bye to your Boer novel, then,' remarked Tom, 'but write one about sleepy Merton. And, as a special favor, since you didn't leave us, you can put me in as one of the characters.'

'Muriel, my dear,' said Mrs. Stuart, with glad tears in her eyes, 'you have made me very happy, and I know how much your decision has cost you.'

Muriel smiled in reply. Her heart was saying softly, 'Pleased not himself,' and she was content.

A Real Pearl.

I want to be personal. Do you remember how slighted you felt in your heart, and how secretly in your spirit you kicked against it, that time when you were set aside for somebody else, that time you were not put into the chair at the public meeting, that time when someone else was put into the pulpit instead of you, that time when you were not asked to teach in the class and somebody else you thought spiritually and intellectually your inferior was entrusted with the task? Do you remember how you felt when you were passed by and someone else was elected president or secretary in your local Christian Endeavor, or Band of Hope, or Young Women's Christian Association, or some other department of work? I knew a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society utterly and irretrievably ruined when the first election came round for the appointment of the new committees. Some were left off the committees, and then there came that sullen and desperate resolve, I will do nothing; I will wash my hands of the whole business. This is a real peril. Perhaps you have gone so far, but there is a slackening off of your work; you are not gripping it, or praying about it, or giving your whole energy to it as you did twelve months ago; and if God were to speak to your heart to-day he would have to hear, 'yes! think of me! After all my long connection with that work, after all my liberality in support of it, after all my faithful, efficient services, after all my sacrifice—I who began the work and fought the battle when it was hard to fight—here am I, and I am set aside for So-and-So!' And so there you are, led by the devil, although a child of God. You are calling that sort of thing standing on your dignity, and the assertion of your rights, God calls it pride, damning, perilous pride, pride that will play havoc with your power in God's service if you do not listen to him.—Rev. Chas. Inwood.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS.

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Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

John Harlan's Choice.

(Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Stock and Fixtures for Sale
CHEAP.

So read the placard in the window. It had a hopeless, discouraged air—that placard—as it leaned against a row of canned tomatoes in the window of the little store. It looked as if it had stood there so long without attracting a purchaser that it was more than half inclined to give up, and slip down behind the front row of canned goods. There was nothing but canned goods in the window—no fresh vegetables or fruit or nuts.

The proprietor of the little store stood looking out into the street. He, too, had a discouraged air as he stood with his hands in his pockets, whistling softly to himself. He had whistled a deal of late; perhaps, like a small boy on a lonely road, he whistled to keep up his courage. He had to do something to keep up his courage, for things looked pretty dark just now, for him—and Nan.

He took a letter from his pocket and opened it. He knew it almost word for word already, at least that portion which meant so much to him. Yet he read it over once more.

'Oh, John, the chance has come at last. The olive patch adjoining us is for sale at a ridiculously small price—two hundred and fifty dollars for a piece 150 by 600 feet, with over two hundred olive trees, all in good condition. Of course there are no buildings on it, but we've room enough with a little crowding, for you and Nan. Now, if you can only get rid of your stock and fixtures for five hundred, and come right on! Do it, even if you have to sell off at auction. You'll never have another chance like this.'

He folded the letter and put it back into his pocket.

'"Chance,"' he repeated gloomily. 'I 'most wish the chance hadn't come since I can't possibly take advantage of it. Here I've had that sign in the window for three months—ever since mother died,' his lips quivered, then straightened into firmness, 'and not an offer have I had. And if I should try to auction the stuff off I'd have to about give it away. As to customers—they grow fewer every day; naturally, since I haven't money to keep up my stock.' He gazed out into the snow-covered streets and shivered; it was very cold, and there was no fire in the store.

A woman hurrying by glanced at the window, then turned towards the door. John Harlan threw it open, and lifted his old cap as he waited for her to make known her wants.

'I want some apples, have you any?' she inquired briskly, her eyes travelling rapidly about the small place.

'I'm sorry, but I haven't one. They're so scarce and high this winter, you know, they were selling in the market yesterday for eighty cents a peck.'

'Oh, dear, then I suppose I must go 'way over to the market for them, and I'm in such a hurry this morning,' she answered. 'I'd give fifty cents for half a peck if you had them here.'

'I will have them here in twenty minutes, if you'll pay that for them,' replied the boy, quickly.

'In twenty minutes, sure?' she ques-

tioned. 'I'd rather go myself than be kept waiting an hour for them.'

'You shall not be kept waiting half an hour,' he replied quietly.

She flashed at him a keen glance. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow of nineteen, with a plain face, but his gray eyes had a straightforward, honest expression. She decided that he looked trustworthy.

'Very well, then, bring them to this address.' She took a card from her pocketbook and handed it to him and then hurried away.

John ran to a door at the rear of the store and rapped three times on the stairs. At once a door on the third floor opened and a bright-faced girl of twelve came running down.

'I want you to 'tend store for twenty minutes, Nan. Put on your shawl!' he called, and catching up a basket he went off at a rapid pace.

The big market was five blocks distant, but it did not take him long to get there. Coming out with his basket of apples he bumped into a boy of about his own age, a boy with small shifty eyes and a retreating chin; not at all a pleasant looking fellow.

'See here!' he began angrily, then with a sudden change of tone, 'Oh, it's you, Harlan. What's your rush?'

'I'm in a tearing hurry,' returned John. 'I've got to carry these apples up on Seventeenth street right away.'

'Jump in with me, then. I'm going in that direction,' said the other. 'All right, Dick, much obliged,' returned John, springing into a grocery wagon that stood near the curbstone.

'Sold out yet?' questioned Dick, as he took his place beside John and drove off.

John shook his head as he answered, 'No such luck!' then yielding to a sudden impulse he told of the chance in California where his sister and her husband had gone.

'That may suit you, but it wouldn't me,' responded Dick. 'I don't want to live in the country, anyhow. The city ain't none too lovely for me.'

'I'm willing to go most anywhere that I can make a living for Nan and myself,' John answered, gravely. 'I can't do it in my store though, since the two big markets have been opened.'

'Course you can't, with no capital. If 'twasn't for your sister though, 'twouldn't be such a pull,' replied Dick.

John's face flushed more at the tone than the words. Dick Stayman was always saying something that provoked him. He answered quickly, 'I'm thankful that I have Nan to look out for. I'd be lonely enough without her.'

Dick gave a coarse laugh. 'Humph!' he said, 'I ain't lonely, an' I don't want any women-folks a-hangin' on to me. Here you are! Bye-bye,' and he rattled off, leaving John on the corner of Seventeenth street.

He delivered the apples and then hurried back to the store. Nan reported no customer during his absence, and he sent her off to the warm rooms upstairs. Then he stood looking gloomily about the store. In one corner was his market, with its small stock of meat. Small as it was he wished it smaller.

'Looks as if I'd have to give up buying beef,' he thought. 'Hardly anybody comes here for it now except the colored folks. Haven't sold a pound to-day and there's that big piece left on my hands! May sell a little this evening, as it's Saturday, and anyhow it'll keep while this weather lasts. Gee! But it's cold!'

He danced a little and slapped his arms to warm himself, then going over to the door looked out once more. 'Clouding up again,' he said. 'Looks like another storm. Well, if it's snow, I'll make a little shovelling.'

He had a few customers that evening, but the sum total of his receipts was discouragingly small—the smallest of any Saturday. He knew why his trade was diminishing so. It was because he could not afford to keep on hand supplies of fresh vegetables and fancy goods. Housekeepers preferred a larger stock from which to select.

His sister Nan was a brave little thing. The housekeeping cares had fallen on her for the past three months, and she shared her brother's cares and anxieties as far as she understood them. He kept them from her as much as he could. When he went upstairs at nine o'clock she gave one quick glance at his face, and asked no questions—but she cried herself to sleep that night. Her brother shed no tears, but it was Sunday morning before he slept, and then his sleep was restless and troubled with anxious dreams.

All day Sunday it was cloudy and threatening and bitter cold; before dark it began to snow, and when John looked out at bedtime he could see nothing but swirling white clouds beating against the window. He was glad to see it. It meant work and money. But at daybreak on Monday he awoke, shivering with cold.

'Why, the fire must be out,' he thought, and he hurried on his clothes, his teeth chattering and his fingers numb. The fire was not out, but it seemed to make no impression on the bitter cold of the room. He raked it down, pulled out the drafts and piled on coal. Then, going to the window, he uttered a cry of surprise. It was like gazing into the heart of a storm. Such a strange white world it was! In front of the house was a huge drift—there were drifts everywhere, and still the snow was falling in blinding sheets as if it never meant to stop. It had forced its way under the windows, the sills were covered with it three inches deep, and the wind whistled and roared as if trying to beat through the glass. The street light before the house was all blackened where the wind had blown the flame.

'Well! Guess we're in for another blizzard!' John exclaimed, then ran to Nan's door and ordered her to stay in bed until the room was warmer. When at last he thought it fit for her to rise she soon had a hot breakfast ready.

'I'm so glad you don't have to go out today!' she said, smiling at him across the table. 'I should be truly afraid you wouldn't get back.'

He laughed at the idea. 'A big fellow like me,' he said, 'as if I'd get stuck in a snowdrift!'

'But such big drifts!' she urged.

'It's a good thing for me, Nan, that there are big drifts. I shall have no customers in such weather, and I can give all my time to shovelling—if it will only stop snowing.'

'Why, hark! I believe somebody is rattling the store door this minute!' cried the girl, running to the hall and listening. 'It is somebody, John.'

But her brother was already on his way downstairs by the shortest route—the bannisters.

As the morning wore on the storm increased in fury. The icy wind beat and hammered upon the roof, and at the windows the drifts piled higher and higher. The few men who ventured out wallowed slowly through the drifts, sometimes up to their waists and their shoulders. Not a woman passed, not a wagon of any sort came in sight of the windows; but there must be some customers, Nan thought, for John did not come upstairs.

About eleven o'clock he called her. Running down she opened her eyes in amazement at the sight of half a dozen men standing about impatiently waiting to be served.

'Get on your warmest wraps, Nan, everything you can possibly pile on, and come down and help me,' John whispered in her ear. His hands were stiff with cold, so that he could hardly hold the knife with which he was cutting a steak, but his eyes were shining happily.

Nan took in the situation in a flash. 'Oh, goody!' she whispered back and raced upstairs as fast as she could go, and was back again in two minutes with her own eyes a match for her brother's. Think of six customers all at once!

And before those six were waited upon more came, and yet more. John sawed away at steaks and chops and roasts and stewing pieces until every bit of his fresh meat was gone, and then he sold bacon and ham and sausage. And meantime Nan was weighing out tea and coffee and sugar and butter, and taking down can after can of corn and peas and tomatoes. There never was anything like the way those cans seemed to melt off the shelves. This little store chanced to be the only one in that neighborhood. It was five blocks nearer than the big markets either way, and in that awful weather five blocks were like five miles. Men could not get to their offices—business was at a standstill—yet Sunday had exhausted the Saturday supplies, and they must have something to eat, and that something must be gotten at the nearest possible place, hence the glorious harvest for John Harlan.

In the middle of the afternoon, when the shelves began to look bare, Dick Stayman came in—he boarded in the next block. He had not attempted to get to the store where he worked. Dick was no fool, and one swift glance made matters plain to him. He sidled up to John and whispered:

'Double up on your prices, man, double up on your prices! That's what the milkmen and the coal men are doing. Milk's twenty cents a quart and coal ten dollars a ton. You might's well have a share of the plunder!'

John straightened up and gave him an indignant glance. 'If the milkmen and the coal men are thieves, that's no reason I should steal, too,' he answered sternly, and sold his last quart of potatoes to an old colored woman at five cents less than the regular price.

Dick turned away with a sneer. 'You'll never amount to much!' he remarked, scornfully, as he pulled his coat collar up over his retreating chin, and went out.

John sent Nan upstairs to get warm

whenever he could possibly spare her. As for himself, the gladness in his heart seemed to warm his whole body. Besides, he was too busy to think of the cold.

By seven o'clock that store was a sight to gladden one's eyes—it certainly made John's eyes fairly beam with satisfaction. It looked as if it had been raided by a hungry army, as indeed it had, only the raiders had made full payment for their spoils. The discouraged placard in the window had tumbled over on its face, for there were no more tomato cans left to support it. Nan had surreptitiously smuggled the last two cans under the counter lest their own table be left unsupplied.

When at last the neighborhood demand ceased there was practically an empty store, but such a glorious big pile of bills in the money drawer. John prudently carried his uncounted wealth upstairs and put it away in a safe place, then pulling on his rubber boots and a big ulster, he took his home-made snow shovel and went out. It was still snowing a little, but the wind seemed to John to blow harder and harder all the time, and the cold was terrible—fifteen below zero the weather bureau reported.

Nan had made her brother promise not to go out of sight of the house, and she stood at the window and watched with anxious eyes as he went slowly along; even on a level the snow was above his knees. He got two jobs before dark—long, hard jobs they were, for never before had so much snow fallen in the streets of Washington, but he received fifty cents for each sidewalk shovelled. The man who paid him for the second cleaning was one who had bought largely from him that morning. As he handed over the half dollar he inquired:

'Did you sell all out to-day?'

'Pretty nearly.'

'You have your horse and waggon yet, haven't you?'

'Yes.'

'Well, hold on to them for a few days anyhow. You can get your own price if you choose to haul coal from the wharves. Most everybody is out of coal and the dealers are simply swamped with orders. They can't begin to deliver them with the streets blocked with all this snow. Even the cars can't run.'

'That's so, sir!' cried John, eagerly. 'I'll certainly haul coal to-morrow.'

And he did, not only on the morrow, but for nearly a week. Coal was in such demand that the dealers would deliver but four bushels to a customer, and some charged fifty and sixty cents a bushel at that. They had not enough horses or waggons to meet this emergency nor could they secure extra teams, for the city government sent out a call for two thousand men and all the teams obtainable to clear the snow from the streets.

So on Tuesday and Wednesday John Harlan worked from seven in the morning until dark, hauling coal for the people of his neighborhood. It was not easy or pleasant work. The coal was heavy and dirty to handle, and the driving in the slippery streets, where only the car tracks were cleared, was far from agreeable; but he kept at it, cheering himslf with the thought of the pile of bills at home.

On Thursday came another storm—a cold rain, freezing as it fell, and covering everything with a coat of ice. It was impossible to haul coal in such weather, for the horse could not pull a load, so John had a chance for a rest at home. He needed it, too, and Nan petted and fussed over him, and together they planned the journey and the new home in the summer land of the far West. But on Friday it was fair, and he set to work once more and kept at it until Saturday night. On one trip he met Dick Stayman, who stared at his face grimy enough as was unavoidable; then looked the other way and did not speak; but John only laughed at that.

That was the hardest week's work that he had ever done, but when it was over the discouraged look was gone from the plain face, and the light of hope was shining in the honest gray eyes, for the 'chance' was his after all. He had money for the journey, and enough beside to buy that olive garden, where he hoped to make a home and a living for Nan and himself.

The Stairway That Led to Success.

(Frederick E. Burnha, in 'Wellspring.')

There are few things in life more appalling than the facility with which young men and young women of splendid capabilities resign themselves to inferior positions, when a little self-sacrifice and determination to succeed would lead them on to the heights.

Recently the writer's attention was called to a life chapter that was full of interest and inspiration, telling, as it did, of honest effort to rise, due appreciation, and subsequent success.

Alexander Martin was what is commonly known as a rough carpenter—that is, he was employed on the rough work in building; his wages were somewhat less than two dollars a day, and considering the fact that there were frequent intervals when there was no work to be done it is not strange that he found difficulty in making both ends meet. One morning the thought occurred to him that his average earnings were less than a dollar and a half a day, while men who were working on the same building were receiving three and four dollars for a day's work and having constant employment. Many of them were no brighter than he, he flattered himself, the difference was that they had learned the art of doing fine work.

That night, and for many nights following, Martin carried home with him a bundle of hard wood, small blocks which had been thrown into the waste. The men wondered what he was doing with the pieces of hard wood which he carried home from time to time, and they were puzzled when they learned that he had purchased a chest of tools such as only the best carpenters have use for. They noticed that his work was more accurate, but somehow the truth did not dawn upon them.

One morning the contractor asked his men if any of them knew where he could find a first-class man capable of building the spiral staircase leading from the front hall to the second floor. The house was to be completed on a certain date, and, as the man who was to have built the staircase was sick, he needed an expert at once.

'I think I can do the work satisfactorily,' said Alexander Martin, stepping forward.

The contractor looked amused. 'I fear I shall need an experienced hand,' said he, striving to repress a smile.

'I am confident that I can satisfy you, sir,' said Martin.

'Well, get your tools and go to work, then,' said the boss; 'but it will not take me a day, nor an hour, to see what you can do in that line, young man.'

That afternoon Martin began on the staircase, and, though the contractor frequently passed that way to view the work, contrary to the expectations of the other men, he was not interrupted. As the work progressed the other carpenters stopped to admire; the inlaid work was a marvel of cunning and art, and the sight filled them with amazement.

'You are building the stairs to success, Al,' said one of the men, the latter part of the week; 'the boss is mightily pleased with your work.'

Saturday afternoon the staircase was completed, and as Martin was sweeping away the chips and sawdust the contractor handed him his pay envelope. There were twenty-two dollars in it, more money than he had ever before received in a fortnight.

'I shall want you on a similar job next Monday,' said the contractor; 'in fact, there will be work of this nature for you right along.'

It was then that Alexander Martin began to realize that he had been building the stairs that were to lead him upward to success; that those days and evenings which he had spent at home, working out geometric designs with the blocks of hard wood, had not been wasted.

God's Work.

A story is told of an Eastern king, which illustrates God's work in giving growth. He was seated in a garden, and one of his counsellors was speaking of the wonderful works of God.

'Show me a sign,' said the king, 'and I shall believe.'

'Here are four acorns,' said the counsellor; 'will your majesty plant them in the ground, and then stoop down for a moment, and look into this clear pool of water?'

The king did so. 'Now,' said the other, 'look up.' The king looked up, and saw four oak-trees where he had planted the acorns.

'Wonderful!' he exclaimed; 'this is indeed the work of God.'

'How long were you looking into the water?' asked the counsellor.

'Only a second,' said the king.

'Eighty years have passed as a second,' said the other.

The king looked at his garments; they were threadbare. He looked at his reflection in the water; he had become an old man.

'There is no miracle here, then,' he said angrily.

'Yea,' said the other, 'it is God's work, whether he do it in eighty years or in one second.'—'C.E. World.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

She Goes A-Nutting.

(Lavinia S. Goodwin, in 'Our Little Ones.')

Little Nannie rode thirty miles into the country, in the cars, and no friend with her. The conductor took charge of her, and when the train stopped at the station she was led out to the platform.

Instead of her grandpa a stranger spoke to her: 'I guess you are the visitor that grandpa and grandma Reed expect, he said.' 'I am their neighbor Nutting and will take you to their house.'

They rode in an open buggy.

'I mean to play out-of-doors a great deal,' she said, smiling to see the scarlet leaves fall. 'Wouldn't you, Mr. Nutting?'

'Yes, indeed, replied he. 'You must come and call on me and Mrs. Nutting. We live in that brown

cottage at the end of the row of maples.'

The next morning Nannie saw a boy and girl go by. 'It is Henry and Lucy Lee,' said grandma, 'going a-nutting. Chestnuts are very plenty this year,'

Near noon Henry and Lucy were seen returning with a bag full of nuts.

After dinner Nannie asked her grandma for something to bring nuts home in. Grandma gave her a pretty basket.

'Are you sure you know where to go?' she asked.

'Oh, yes,' answered Nannie, 'for the man showed me as we rode from the station.'

The chestnut grove was in sight of the house. But Nannie went out at the front gate and down the road. The row of maples led her to the brown cottage.

'If you please, Mrs. Nutting, I have come for some, like the other children,' said Nannie, showing her basket.

'Some what, my dear?' the woman enquired.

'Chestnuts, ma'am; grandma let me come a-nutting.'

In a short time the child returned, her basket filled with nuts.

'See, I have had good luck!' called Nannie.

'But you cannot have picked up all those so soon?' said grandma.

'No, grandma. I went a-nutting to Mr. Nutting's, of course. Mrs. Nutting was so pleased she laughed all the while she was filling my basket. But why are you laughing, grandma?'

Johnny.

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'Pres. Banner')

'Johnny?'

'Yes'm.'

'I want you to do an errand for me.'

Johnny's face clouded.

'I did want to go fishing to-day,' he began. 'School begins next week and I ain't had many days off.'

'I can't help that,' said Aunt Susan, decidedly. 'You can't go fishing to-day.'

'Where's the errand?' asked Johnny, sulkily.

'Over to the corners.'

'Away over there!' Johnny's face grew still more doleful. 'What do you want to get?'

'Here's a list so you won't forget anything. Spices and citron and raisins and currants.'

'Company coming?' asked Johnny.

'Why — yes,' answered Aunt Susan, with a little hesitation. 'Now don't be long on the way, for I want the things in good season so as to get the baking done.'

Johnny's frown deepened as he went through the yard.

'Company,' he growled to himself. 'I know what that means. Old ladies with caps on. I'll have to tug water for their horses. There won't be room for me to come to the table.'

Johnny's walk led him through a bit of woods along which ran a little creek.

'What a fine day this would be for fishing.'

'Hello, Johnny. Where you goin'?'

'Over to the corners,' said Johnny.

'We're goin' fishin'. You'd better come with us.'

It was Ted and Billy Grimes, the boys whom Johnny knew Aunt Susan did not wish him to play with.

'I can't to-day,' said Johnny.

'O, come along,' urged Billy. 'It's just the kind of a day for fish to bite.'

Johnny knew very well all the promise in the hazy sky and light breeze.

'I ain't got my tackle with me—' he said, wavering in his decision.

'We've got some hooks,' said Ted.

'I've got a string in my pocket,' admitted Johnny.

'Then we can cut a saplin',' said Billy, in a tone which seemed to settle the business. Johnny yielded.

'I'll go for awhile,' he said. 'I can go to the corners later.'

'I know where a good fishin' hole is,' said Billy.

It was a longer way to it than Johnny had supposed. The sun was high in the heavens by the time they were ready to fish. The sport proved not as good as Billy had anticipated and with the disappointment he after awhile grew quarrelsome.

'There's too many of us here,' he declared. 'You'd better go further up,' he added to Johnny.

'I shan't,' said Johnny. 'I'm gettin' real good bites. Keep still —I've got one now.'

Sure enough, a good-sized fish could be seen in the clear water playing around Jonnny's hook.

'I say that's my fish,' asserted Billy. 'It's the very one that got on my hook a little while ago and then I just missed pullin' him out. I'm going to have another try at him.'

'You quit that. 'Tain't fair,' said Johnny angrily, as Billy quietly

dropped his hook close to his own.

But the next moment the fish took a firm hold on Johnny's hook.

'Keep still,' he whispered, in a tremor of delighted excitement.

'Here—let me land him for you,' cried Bill. 'I'll just play him in the water. You'll lose him.'

'Le'me alone,' cried Johnny. 'He's mine and I'm going to land him myself.'

'It's my hook,' said Billy, with an ugly scowl. 'You wouldn't a caught him at all if it hadn't been for it. It's more my fish than your'n.'

'I say he ain't,' screamed Johnny, as Billy tried to seize the pole.

There was a skirmish and a struggle. Billy was the stronger of the two, and as he finally wrenched the pole from Johnny's hand the latter lost his balance and fell from the sloping bank into the water.

He went under, for the hole was deep, to come up choking and floundering several feet from the shore. In great alarm Billy held out the pole to him.

'Catch hold o' that,' he cried. 'If you don't you'll be drowned, sure, for none of us can swim.'

Johnny made a grasp at it, but missing it, went down again. As the cruel waters once more closed over him he wondered in an agony of fright if he should ever again behold the soft, hazy sky and the trees, whose leaves swayed as quietly in the wind as though he was not engaged in a mortal struggle.

Billy sprang into the water, holding the pole.

'Hold on to the other end,' he screamed to Ted.

As Johnny came up again he seized him in a firm grasp, and by dint of great exertion they succeeded in bringing him, white and gasping, to the shore. After being roughly rolled over and over and pounded on the back he opened his eyes, gladly realizing that he was not drowned. Dizzy and weak notwithstanding, he felt that he should be willing to do Aunt Susan's errands all his life.

'I'm sick o' this place,' said Billy, fretfully. 'Let's get away from it.' But Johnny did not feel able to move yet.

'You lie in the sun awhile and dry off and then you'll feel all right,' said Billy.

They left him to himself and in the quiet of the woods Johnny did more thinking than ever in his life before.

'If I'd gone straight and done what Aunt Susan told me I shouldn't 'a' got into this muss,' he sighed to himself. 'And kept away from the boys she told me not to go with. I might 'a' been dead by this time. I wouldn't like to die just at a time like this—. And leave folks to remember it of me.'

He turned himself over uneasily. The more he reflected the less satisfied did he feel with himself. Aunt Susan had always been good to him. To be sure, she kept him pretty steadily at work when out of school, but every one else on the place worked hard, and she was never slow in granting his small indulgences which he now acknowledged to himself he did not deserve.

Late in the afternoon he picked himself up and, stiff and with a horrible feeling in his head, dragged himself to the corners. It was hard to do it, and he would be very late with the things which were wanted, but it was better than not getting them at all.

'Why—Johnny! Where have you been all day, and I waiting for those things to cook with—? But' what's the matter, child?'

Even while finding fault her voice had taken on a tone of anxiety as her quick gaze took in his pale face and languid eye. Johnny had wisely made up his mind to be honest in confessing his fault.

'I went fishing, Aunt Susan. I'm real sorry and I won't ever do it again without you say I may. And I fell in the water and—most got drowned—' his voice failed. He felt so miserable, and the horror of the remembrance was still upon him.

'Poor boy. I'll give you your supper and you must go right to bed, for I want you to be feeling well to-morrow.'

'That's so, I can help about the company,' he said to himself. But he really felt desirous to be helpful. 'Is it very bad about the things being so late?' he asked.

'Well, I'll have to do the baking this evening, and I never do like to bake at night.'

'How are you feeling this morning, Johnny?'

It was Aunt Susan who asked it in good season in the morning. Johnny rubbed his eyes, stretched himself and then decided that he felt very well.

'That's good,' said Aunt Susan, 'for after breakfast I want you to drive over to the corners in the spring-waggon for some things you couldn't bring yourself. Hurry, now.'

'What an order it was at which Johnny stared as he drove along.

'Bananas, oranges, nuts, candy—well! I guess Aunt Susan's doing it up fine this time.'

He thought so still more as the morning went on.

'Now don't lose a moment, Johnny. I want you to help Hiram fix tables under the trees and then you must bring all the dishes out. We're going to have the supper out there.'

Johnny did his best until called by his aunt to change his clothes. Just as he was putting the last smoothing touches to the front of his hair, forgetting the back, as he always did, Aunt Susan came in.

'Wish you many happy birthdays, Johnny. Didn't you remember it was your birthday?'

'Why, no!' exclaimed Johnny. 'I forgot all about it.'

'I remembered,' said Aunt Susan. With a very gentle hand she took the brush and finished the smoothing of his hair, then held his face up and kissed it.

'You look like your father, Johnny,' she said, lovingly. 'He was a good man. I'm sure you will be like him some day. He was always good to me.'

'O Aunt Susan,' said Johnny, with a choke in his voice. 'I will—I'll try.'

'Come down now,' she said. 'The company is here.'

Johnny pulled on the face which he considered proper for making his best manners to the Widow Moore and Miss Larkin and the minister's wife and such others of Aunt Susan's friends as might be there. But arriving at the foot of the stairs it went off all of a sudden.

'Hello, Johnny!'

'Many happy birthdays, Johnny.'

It was all his boy friends who greeted him with shouts and good wishes.

Through all the sport and merriment of that happy day there came often to Johnny's mind the remembrance of the dreadful moments when the cruel waters were closing over him. Always with a thought of the resolutions he had then made, to which he now added with all his heart:

'A birthday's a good day to begin. And I'm going to, sure.'

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LESSON XI.—JUNE 14.

Paul at Rome.

Acts xxviii., 16-31.

Golden Text.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. —Rom. i., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 8.—Acts xxviii., 16-31.
Tuesday, June 9.—Acts xxviii., 1-15.
Wednesday, June 10.—Rom. xi., 13-25.
Thursday, June 11.—Matt. xiii., 10-17.
Friday, June 12.—Is. v., 39-47.
Saturday, June 13.—II. Cor. iii., 9-18.
Sunday, June 14.—Luke xxiv., 15-27.

16. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard; but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him.

17. And it came to pass, that after three days Paul called the chief of the Jews together: and when they were come together, he said unto them, Men and brethren, though I have committed nothing against the people, or customs of our fathers, yet was I delivered prisoner from Jerusalem into the hands of the Romans.

18. Who, when they had examined me, would have let me go, because there was no cause of death in me.

19. But the Jews spake against it, I was constrained to appeal to Caesar; not that I had aught to accuse my nation of.

20. For this cause therefore have I called for you, to see you, and to speak to you: because that for the hope of Israel I am bound with this chain.

21. And they say unto him, We neither received letters out of Judea concerning thee, neither any of the brethren that came shewed or spake any harm of thee.

22. But we desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest: for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against.

23. And when they had appointed him a day, there came many to him into his lodging, to whom he expounded and testified the kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus, both out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets, from morning till evening.

24. And some believed the things that were spoken and some believed not.

30. And Paul dwelt two whole years in his own hired house, and received all that came unto him,

31. Preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

(Condensed chiefly from Peloubet's Notes.)

Worn out by a fortnight's struggle with the elements, the passengers and crew at last reached shore. It was still raining and quite cold. The natives, however, made a fire and welcomed them to the island, which the travellers now discovered was Melita, or Malta. Paul, like his divine Master, deeming no service too mean (John xiii., 5), was helping to gather sticks for the fire. Notice here one of the principles of Christianity. A helpful action of little account in itself may borrow dignity from the spirit of a high-souled man who engages in it.

As Paul was laying the sticks he had gathered on the fire, a viper, waked by the heat, rose up and fastened round his hand. It was probably the pelius berus, common to Europe, which is deadly in the torrid zone, or it may have been the viperina Aspis, such as caused the death of Cleopatra. In any case, this serpent was deadly, for all expected to see him die. The people of Malta concluded that this must be the Divine vengeance overtaking Paul for some crime. The idea of connection between guilt and retribution is said to be the first instinct of religion, but it is very clear that God alone can know to what degree suffering is the sign of special sin. Christ declares that the falling of the tower of Siloam on certain persons did not prove that they were greater sinners than others (Luke xiii., 1-5). There are other reasons for suffering besides wrongdoing, and we are expressly commanded not to judge others (Romans ii., 1; Matthew vii., 1).

Paul shook the viper off into the fire again, absolutely unharmed. His composure was probably due to the promises (1) that to the disciples concerning serpents (Mark xvi., 18; Luke x., 19), and (2) that he should preach at Rome. He could not die before he reached that city.

After gazing at Paul for some minutes, expecting him to drop dead, the natives changed their minds completely and regarded him as a god.

The apostle and, it may be, all the shipwrecked were received by Publius, the governor of the island, until they could make other arrangements. Paul, by prayer and laying on of hands, healed the father of Publius, and many others who came to him. They, unlike the nine lepers, did not neglect to express their gratitude for such a benefit, and as Paul and his companions were leaving laded them with all necessaries.

Three months they stayed at Malta, then they sailed to Syracuse, the chief city of Sicily, and waited there three days, set sail and at last arrived at Neapolis or Naples. After staying with the Christian brethren whom they found in this city for a week, they started for Rome. The latter part of their journey was along the Appian Way by which many a Roman general had passed in triumph to the capitol, seated on a car of victory, surrounded by the plaudits of rejoicing Rome. As they neared the great city, Paul and his companions were met and warmly welcomed by a delegation of Christians from Rome—and now he was in sight of the city he had so long wished to enter—his heart was warmed by human sympathy—he found that the church for which he had prayed earnestly was sound in the faith, and his heart welled up in praise and thankfulness to his God and a new strength came into his heart. It was probably at the Forum, the centre of the characteristic interest of the city, that Julius put the prisoners in the charge of the guard. If this guard was Burrus, the prefect of the Pretorium, he was a liberal-minded man, and one of the few good statesmen of Rome at that time. He allowed Paul to dwell by himself, with a soldier that kept him. He had evidently heard of the Apostle's character through Julius and Festus, and on that account was inclined to be lenient. The Apostle was chained by the wrist to one soldier only, and 'thus shackled was allowed, if he could afford it, to hire a lodging for himself without the walls, but within the rules or prescribed limits, but otherwise free from restraint' (Lewin).

Three days after his arrival Paul summoned the seven officers of the synagogues in Rome and the chief of the Jews. He explained to them that he had come as a defender of their own faith for which also he was in chains.

The Jews immediately were eager to hear what his views were, as they had heard of Christians being objected to in other places. The slanders arose partly (1) from Paul's seeming opposition to the Jewish ritual (he did not wish Gentiles to be forced to observe it in order to join the Christian body); (2) from the strict morality of the Christians, which offended those who were bold and open in sin and the prophecy of ill forthcoming if the latter did not repent; (3) from their necessary opposition to some Roman laws and customs.

A day was appointed for a conference, and Paul explained his religion in reference to that of the Jews, declaring that the Messiah so long looked forward to had come. And some believed, and some disbelieved. 'The same sunshine and rain which caused the living tree to grow and flourish are the most potent influences to bring the dead tree to decay.'

After warning the Jews with the same prophecy that Christ had applied to the nation thirty years before, he resolved to turn to the Gentiles, and from that time on he preached chiefly to them.

He dwelt for two whole years in his own hired house or apartments, and received everyone that came to see him.

Paul, though a prisoner, was doing a great work. He was leavening Rome, the centre of the world's action and interest, with the Gospel, and at the same time sending out a stream of literature in the form of letters, which was to gladden and benefit many a weary one through all the ages.

His disposition was joyous, and he exclaimed, indifferent to his discomforts, 'Rejoice, and again I say unto you, rejoice.' Madame Guyon, in prison, expressed his feelings:

'My cage confines me round, abroad I cannot fly,
But though my wing is closely bound, my heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control the flight the freedom of the soul!

The book of Acts stops abruptly here. Professor Salmond thinks this is because it was written shortly after the second year of Paul's sojourn in Rome, and so as yet there was no more to write about.

The rest of Paul's history is for the most part conjecture. It is thought that he revisited Asia Minor and Greece, that he went to Crete and founded or strengthened churches there, and then went to Spain. After several years of effective labor he was again brought a prisoner to Rome, and, according to tradition, placed in the Mamertine dungeon. The lower apartment is exceedingly dark, but from the floor there rises up a fountain of clear water, a symbol which is full of instruction. 'There never was a dungeon for God's servants which was not without its well of consolation.' According to tradition, he was beheaded by the axe of the lictor. His grave is not known with certainty. There is, however, a lordly church which marks the traditional spot; but his greatest monument is not in 'the labor of an age in piled stone,' but in the influence which he wields over the civilized world to-day. We also, careless of a monument by the grave, should build it on the world—a monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.'

'O what is death?—'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more.
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.'

C. E. Topic

Sunday, June 14.—Topic—Gold, or God? Luke xviii., 18-30.

Junior C.E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE LILY.

Monday, June 8.—Christ a lily. Songs of Sol. ii., 1.

Tuesday, June 9.—God's people lilies. Hos. xiv., 5.

Wednesday, June 10.—Adorn his house. I. Kings vii., 32.

Thursday, June 11.—Shortness of life. Job xiv., 2.

Friday, June 12.—God's word endures. Isa. xl., 8.

Saturday, June 13.—Riches like flowers. Jas. i., 10.

Sunday, June 14.—Topic—Lessons from the lily. Matt. vi., 28-30.

Temperance

A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His son Ralph takes a position as clerk in a hotel and the second son, Willie, is offered the place of assistant, but refuses from a nameless fear of having anything to do with the 'Thing' that caused his father's death. Allie, the only daughter, has a position as stenographer. Claude, the youngest, a fine boy of twelve, handsome and gifted, generous and loving, is in school. Willie's action in refusing a position connected with the sale of liquor comes to the notice of the W.C.T.U. women and the ministers of the city, who make much of him socially, while a Methodist 'pillar' gives him a good position, and he makes new friendships among the best class of people. He soon becomes a Christian. Claude fails in his examinations, acts moody and sour and is discovered smoking a cirgarette. He promises to reform, but continues the practice in secret.

CHAPTER II—Continned.

Willie thought no more of the matter. In the first place, he had very little conception, except in a general way, of the evil of cigarettes, and in the second place, Claude had given his word to leave them alone in the future, and Claude was the soul of honor.

'Ugh!' exclaimed Ralph a few evenings after: 'you smell like a whole smoking car, Claude. Where have you been?' And Ralph, whom the smell of tobacco almost made ill, very unceremoniously kicked Claude off the immense sitting-room lounge, or settee, where all three brothers were sprawling good naturedly, shoving and elbowing one another.

Claude picked himself up and shied a pair of slippers, a pillow and a book of 'Household Recipes' at the offending Ralph.

'I was in a caboose—Mr. Cruickshank sent me chasing across the river with an urgent message to a man up on West River avenue, and he'd just left for Delray. I caught a car and found him, and rode back on the railway.'

The following day the brothers attended the funeral of an old friend and comrade, whose health had been failing for years. Herbert Lister's parents had taken him first to Florida, then to Colorado, in the hope of saving the life of an idolized and only son. The Listers were wealthy and had spared no expense on their one child. Every hospital and sanitarium which offered any hope of a cure had been tried, but a month before the young man had come home to die. Canon Marshall spoke most touchingly in the funeral sermon of the heartbreaking and untimely end of a singularly gifted and lovable youth, and as the good old man urged the boys present so to order their lives that, living or dying, they might be the Lord's, many eyes filled and many boyish hearts were stirred to new resolves, from the little choir boys in the gallery to the red-coated young fusiliers in the nave, who were to assist at the last sad rites of a departed comrade.

'Oh! oh!' half sobbed Clara Meredith that night, clinching her small, white hands together; 'my cousin Herbert was murdered—murdered—murdered. Oh, surely God will punish those wicked men who legalize such wanton slaying of our boys.'

'Why, what do you mean, Miss Meredith?' asked Willie, in surprise. 'Poor Herb died of consumption.'

'Yes,' answered the girl, bitterly; 'consumption of poison.'

'Wh—why,' stammered Willie, greatly embarrassed. 'Surely I—you don't mean—that is, I never dreamed that Herbert—drank.'

'Willie,' said Miss Meredith, gazing earnestly at her young adorer, 'I'm going to tell you something that very few people knew about my poor cousin—and oh, I beg of you when you hear this sad story that you will make a vow as a Christian, as a good citizen, as a reformer, to fight and never cease fighting so long as you can breathe, this accursed cigarette which is killing and ruining our dearest and our brightest boys. Willie, it was cigarettes, and nothing else, that killed Herbert. I am telling you this because I have heard that Claude, in common with many others of our brightest boys, is beginning to use them.'

'I caught him the other day,' said Willie, 'but he hasn't hurt himself as yet, and he has quit.'

'No, he has not, for I saw him myself light one this very morning.'

'Is that so? Well, he'll be seen after,' replied Willie, with outward carelessness, though he felt himself turning hot and cold with emotion and amazement. He had never known Claude even to equivocate, much less deliberately lie. 'I have heard they are harmful things if persisted in to any extent, but I know very little about their effects. Not one of our family, as it happens, has ever smoked anything. Tobacco makes Ralph sick—even the smell always had a peculiar effect on him; and anyhow poor father would have lashed the life out of any of us kids if he had caught us smoking. Dear dad, with all his kindness and indulgence, could be very strict when necessary.'

'Willie, have you any idea what percent of reformatory lads trace their downfall to cigarettes, and what percent of youthful offenders are in the police court? I want you to take these home with you and read every word'—placing a package of papers in his hand—'and remember that what you read in these gives but a faint picture of the evils that we may see just here in our own little city from the same cause—to say nothing of the big city across the river. My cousin Herbert formed the habit three years ago, though it was over a year before his people made the discovery that he was using cigarettes at all, and it was another year before it was fully brought home to them the extent of the mischief they had done. First Herbert lost interest in his studies, and almost broke his parents' hearts by insisting upon leaving school to take a position. You will remember, he did not keep his clerkship in the Molsons bank for more than six months, and in the following six months he tried as many as five different positions. He lost all ambition, all life and spirit, lost all his old ideals, and formed associates across the river of the lowest type. His former bright, alert mind went, and he became almost semi-idiotic. At the same time his health began to fail alarmingly. Even then, although uncle and auntie had learned of the awful effects of the deadly cigarettes, the full realization of their horrors were not brought home to them until the last year, when every means under heaven was tried to break the habit. Oh, there are things too awful, too horrible to tell about!' exclaimed the girl, breaking off abruptly. 'Herbert's family kept their skeleton from strangers' eyes, but something impelled me to tell you to-night, Willie. I know I can trust you with this sad story.'

(To be Continued.)

Example.

'Our individual example and personal influence in this matter involve a solemn responsibility. No one has a right to expect others to do for his country or his kind what he refuses to do himself. We have a perfect remedy for intemperance, and everybody knows and admits it, and just in proportion to the number and influence of those who accept or reject this remedy, will be the removal or continuance of our great national vice.'—Samuel Bowly.

Take a Drink.

Take a drink? No, not I!
Reason's taught me better
Than to bind my soul
With a galling fetter.
Water, sweet, and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No, not I!
I have seen too many,
Taking drinks like that of yours,
Stripped of every penny.
Water, sweet, and cool and clear,
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No, never!
By God's blessing, never
Will I touch, or taste, or smell
Liquor—now nor ever.
Water, sweet, and clear and cool,
Makes no one a slave or fool.

—'Temperance Record.'

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Foreign Relations—A New Chapter—The 'Westminster Budget,' London
What the French Thought of the King—'Daily Mail,' London.
Resistance to the New English Education Rate—'Daily News,' London.
Religious Civil War—The 'Christian World,' London.
Consols and the Sinking Fund—F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Platform Reminiscences—Dr. Macnamara, M.P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
Gladstone in the Abbey—G.S.L., in 'The Speaker,' London.
'Back to the Land'—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The 'Sister' in the House—'Westminster Budget.'
Booth's Book—By Canon Scott-Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Some Speeches at the Royal Academy Banquet—'The Times,' London.
The Royal Academy—'Public Opinion,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

To a Correspondent—H.C.M., in the 'Westminster Budget,' London.
Mr. Zangwill's Poems—The 'Spectator,' London.
Richard Henry Stoddard—'The Evening Post,' New York
New York 'Times' Saturday Review.
The Origin of Kabalism—The 'Standard,' London.
Letter Writing for Girls a Century Ago—The 'Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Electrical Ore Finding—'The Morning Post,' London.
Smallpox and Malaria—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Missing Link—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Science and Creative Power—'The Christian World,' London.
Lord Kelvin on Religion and Science—'The Times,' London; 'The Daily Mail,' London.

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Correspondence

Inglewood, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' of April 11, a picture of Lord Nelson's battleship, 'Victory.' My father's great-grandfather, Daniel Sellars, served as an officer under Lord Nelson for seven years and nine months, and was with him in several engagements. In after years he settled down in Western Bay, Newfoundland, where he has a good many descendants living. My grandfather, who is a grandson of the old warrior, is lighthouse keeper on Random Island, the largest island in Newfoundland.

SADIE B. C. (age 10).

New Boston, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—As this is my birthday, I thought I would write you a letter. I think the springtime is the nicest time of all the year. Don't you? The birds are singing their sweetest songs, and the wild flowers are all in bloom. We had a nice time here on Arbor Day. We all helped to plant a nice elm tree in the yard. We named it William McKinley, after our late President. Our school closed on May 6. We had a picnic in the schoolyard. We all had a nice time. But the best time of all was April 29. Our President was at Keokuk, our nearest large city, fifteen miles from here. I did not go, but my brother Hubert did. The President spoke for about twenty minutes at the park. There were men on every side taking his picture. Nearly everyone said that those who did not go to see President Roosevelt had not missed a street fair, or a Fourth of July celebration, but the grandest celebration the city of Keokuk had ever held. I wonder what all the people are finding to do away up there in Canada? Here most of the people are preparing the ground for planting corn. If we do not have oranges here to waste, like they have in California, we have fun in winter snowballing and coasting. We don't have to go to the tops of mountains to get the snow either. California is a nice state, though, and I wouldn' mind living there, if I could live near the ocean, where I could see the big waves and gather shells. Wouldn't we have some fun, though, if we were all of us together some winter day after a big snow storm? The first thing we would do would be to pelt each other with snow.

ETHEL H. (age 15).

Narrows, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible and the picture, 'Christ before Pilate,' and I like them very much. I live on the Washademoak Lake, about fifty miles from St. John, and it is quite a pretty place here in summer. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. I have taken three quarters of music lessons. My birthday is on September 2.

MABLE L. T. (age 11).

Bonavista, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea. Sometimes when it is rough the spray is dashed upon our house. I like to go on the water very much. Last summer I was out to my father's cod-trap and saw the fish in it. I have got one prize, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which I got in school for reading and reciting, and another, 'Heedless Harry,' which I got in Sunday-school.

LUCY H. A.

Magnetawan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any correspondence in the 'Messenger' from here, I thought I would write. Magnetawan is a very pretty little village through which the Magnetawan river runs. Many tourists come here in the summer months and go to the tourist houses down the river. A steamboat carries the mail in the summer, and the stage carries it in winter. Our teacher has been teaching here for six years. We have a Junior and a Senior Christian Endeavor here every Tuesday night. I belong to the Junior Christian Endeavor. Our first Superintendent went away to California, and we have a new one. The mid-summer holidays begin here on June 23, and school starts again on the third Monday in August. We are going to have the entrance and leaving examinatons here. I am going to try the entrance.

VIOLA (age 13).

Keldon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is about ten miles from Shelburne. We did live in Honeywood, and my papa kept a store there for five years, and then he got sick and had to sell out. Then we all went up to Muskoka for a month, thinking the change would do him good; but he got worse and died. I have two brothers. Harry is six and Walter is my baby brother, three years old. We have a horse named Jim, and I have a cat, whose name is Pansy. Harry and I also have two air rifles papa bought for us when we were at Muskoka, and we have lots of fun with then. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, and get a great many pretty cards. We had a tea meeting, and I gave a recitation entitled 'I'm going back to Grandpa.' I am in the second grade at school.

WILLIE Y. (age 9).

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and tell you about our agricultural college. It is situated about a mile and a half south-east from the city. The main building, which is very large, is made of stone, and there are many other buildings near it. The grounds are well kept. Very large lawns are all around the buildings, and the grass is all kept short in summer. Plenty of flowers are grown, and great varieties of trees are to be found all over the farm. It consists of six hundred and fifty acres of land. There are a great many different departments. Some of the most interesting departments are dairy, poultry and flowers. The college is used for training young men in the right methods of farming. The best time to visit the college is in June, for the grain and flowers then look their best. Hundreds of strangers come here every year to visit it. Mother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. My birthday is on Sept. 16.

ETHEL I. C. (age 13).

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—Rom. xii., 2.

O Church of Christ, redeemed by precious blood.—I. Pet. i., 18-19; Eph. v., 25-27; Eph. iii., 10.

Break this alliance, glorify your God!—I. Cor. vi., 20; II. Cor. vi., 14-18; Eph. iii., 21.

Forsake the Christless World that lures to ill.—Rom. xii., 2; Heb. xiii., 13; Rev. xviii., 4.

Thou mayest be blessed and prove a blessing still.—Gen. xii., 2; Psa. cxxviii., 5; Eph. i., 3.

Away with ease and dalliance and play. Isa. xxxii., 9; I. Cor. x., 7; Rom. xiii., 11.

The Great Commission now in haste obey.——Mark xvi., 15; John xvii., 18; II. Tim. iv., 1, 2.

In holiness and zeal thou canst excel.—I. Pet. i., 15, 16; Rev. iii., 19; Gal. iv., 13.

And save the perishing from sin and hell.—Luke xiv., 23; Jas. v., 19, 20; Jude xxii., 23.

Gird on thy robes with purity impearled.—Rev. vii., 14; Rev. xvi., 15; Rev. xix., 8.

And keep thyself unspotted from the World.—Jas. i., 27; John iii., 3; I. Tim. v., 22.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Father's Day at Home.

(Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Since the Sunday activities of children are to be reckoned with, the father's choice is whether he will hold himself aloof from them or share them with his children. He will assuredly have small success in directing them from without, but he may become their guiding spirit, if he is willing, in frank comradeship, to share them from within. He may regard his own ease and comfort too much to be willing to make the sacrifice, if it is a sacrifice, to enter into the real thoughts and life of his sons and daughters and rejuvenate himself in their companionship, but he may be sure that reward and fulfillment of his fatherhood are to be obtained upon no other terms.

These, then, are the conditions of the problem: a day set apart for the enjoyment of rest, worship and service; children in the home whose fresh activities may be guided; a father who is too busy six days in the week to devote much time to child study or child training. How shall that father coin his first-day leisure into happiness and profit for his children? Where shall his own need of rest claim its right? By what wise economy of strength and time shall Sunday be made the crowning day of all the week, anticipated with delight and fondly remembered in all the later years of life?

First of all, this companionship of the father with his children must include worship. Habits are not transmitted; they are taught, and taught most quickly and effectively by example. One of the greatest hindrances to spiritual life in America to-day is the fact that fathers are too weary to be worshipful. But worship rightly used is rest. Let a father who desires that his children shall have the joy of reverence save energy enough from the tasks of the week to go to church on Sunday morning with a quiet heart. And why should he not share the children's work or study in the Sunday-school? If he largely delegates religious instruction to the teacher, as so many do, ought he not at least to keep track of the work that teacher is doing?

If the sermon is discussed only to be found fault with, and the Sunday-school teaching is never discussed at all, how can the father wonder that he has no opening of understanding on religious subjects with his child? And this companionship of worship should invariably include the common occupancy of a pew. The true unit of the church is the family, and the example of united families sitting together for worship week by week is one of the best witnesses to the world for Christ.

Companionship of Sunday recreation affords another opportunity to the father. His comradeship should extend to all departments of the children's lives. My own feeling is that Sunday recreation should as much as possible be taken out of doors. In the country the Sunday afternoon walk, in which father, mother, guests and children go quietly and joyfully by wood or meadow paths to scenes which they have always known and loved, is one of the happiest times of the week. The study of God's great book of creation supplements the study of the written Word. The sense of God's presence felt in the church sanctifies and glorifies the earth. There is room for quiet talk and innocent enjoyment; and what is an outlet for the child's natural and innocent activity becomes a refreshment for the father's weariness. In the city the problem is more difficult, but the best streets are always open and parks are often within reach. But, in city or country, recreation should be for the family group and become the father's opportunity of comradeship and teaching.

I do not believe in Sunday visiting, but there are exceptions which certainly come

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within the limit of the uses and mercies of the time. By invitation the homeless ought to be brought into the home circle for the day. The sick should be visited—especially the sick to whom a visit is not a common delight. There are claims of kindred and of intimate friendship which should be met. By the father's cheerfulness in social meetings and in social service, by his high level of thought and conversation, he ought to interpret the meaning of the day and teach his children to hold it above all common cares and business talk in kindly, cheerful intercourse.

Is there any better opportunity for comradeship than this free day at home affords to busy fathers and their busy children in the chance for common interests in reading? Are there not books which each might read alone, but which would be remembered with more than double interest if the father read them with his children? Sometimes they would be the children's books—which would be good for the father—and sometimes the father's books—which would open new worlds of thought to the children. This common reading would go on from week to week, and the treasures of the father's experience and the child's fresh point of view would enrich the text with comment and with question.

If on no other day, on the Lord's Day the family should worship together with the father as its priest. The 'prayers' should be brief, but not so brief but that the children are allowed to have their part. Let them read, or, better still, recite parts of the Scripture lesson, or repeat a hymn and sing, and, if a good catechism can be found, let old and young give answer to its questions.

Sunday rest is not stagnation, but variety. The child cannot sit still and the father should not. The comradeship of worship, study, recreation, reading, which I have outlined, varied to suit the special conditions of each family, will restrain childish exuberance while it relaxes and enlivens fatherly sobriety. It will make a busy, but a happy, and therefore restful, day. There should be no perturbations of spirit in it, but much peace and pleasure. It will need to be planned for. It will require initial and continued self-denial, which will, however, bear fruit in happy memories a hundredfold. It cannot be adopted full grown, but must be step by step attained through forethought and endeavor. It is an ideal only half fulfilled with most of us, but it is worth attaining at far larger cost than it requires.

Selected Recipes

Unfermented Grape Juice.—To 10 lbs. of ripe fruit add two quarts of water. Boil slowly for three minutes. Press out the juice from the pulp. Add 2 lbs. of white sugar, bring to a boil; skim, and put into glass jars while hot. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Apple Snow.—Grate one large apple, add the white of one egg and three-fourths of a cup of powdered sugar. Beat until thick enough to keep its shape as you pile it on the dish. A cup of mashed strawberries, peaches or raspberries can be used in place of the apple. It is very nice used as a filling for layer cake or, served as a dessert, with a custard sauce.

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